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POETRY.

READER! will you read it? The following poetry, we mean, that has just beamed down upon us from one of the *fixed stars*. Truly, the heart is not far from the kingdom of Heaven, that gave it utterance.

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I ask not now for Gold to gild
With mocking shine an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away—
Oh! sweet, fond dream of human Love,
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a will resign'd,
Oh, Father, to Thine own.

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan—
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And like a weary child would come,
Oh, Father, unto Thee.

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day.

20th 11th month, 1848.

SELECTED TALE.

THE PLAY AT VENICE.

SOME years since, a German prince, making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer; the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, and the Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits, that, in their climate, rise and fall with the coming and departure of the finest season of the year. Every day was given by the illustrious stranger to research among the records and antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the Brenta. When the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility.

In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed; but, as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italian breaking out. One of the most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas that wound up these stately festivals. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and the German, some slight aspersions on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humor. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous.

At length the prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italian, and above all of the Venetian, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon the country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But, my lords," said he, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours cannot be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suit of Venetian villas to the hall, which was fitted up as a German barn.

The aspect of the theatre produced first surprise, and next an universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured saloons of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic.—The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even among the Venetians, who have seldom been betrayed into any thing beyond a smile, for generations together.

The stage was a temorary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrow view some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story; they were under a German roof. The street was, notwithstanding its ill-omened similitude, of course, German. The street was solitary. At length a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt around his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came pacing along. He knocked at several doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down on a fragment of a monument, and soliloquized.

"Well, here I have come; and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care; campaigning has hardened us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war, and of the roads, are not very formidable, after what we have had to work through from father to son. Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labor or read. Read! —that's true; come out, Zimmerman." He took a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to the decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed.

Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement, from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page; and, when it was turned, they were lifted to Heaven with the strongest expressions of wonder. The German was weary; his head soon drooped over his study, and he closed the book.

"What," said he, rising and stretching his limbs; "is there no one stirring in this comfortless place? Is it not near day?" He took out his repeater, and touched the pendent; it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly; the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze; but when it struck, delight was mingled with wonder, that had till then filled his pale, intelligent countenance. "Four o'clock," said the German. "In my country, half the world would be thinking of going to their day's work by this time. In another hour it will be sunrise. Well, then, I'll do you a service, you rat on of sleepers, and make you open your eyes." He drew out one of his pistols, and fired it. The attendant form, still hovering behind him, had looked curiously upon the pistol, but, on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry, that made the traveler turn.

"Who are you?" was his greeting to this strange intruder.

"I will not hurt you," was the answer.

"Who cares about that?" was the German's retort; and he pulled out the other pistol.

"My friend," said the figure, "even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now; but if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers."

"Well, then," said the German, in a gentler voice, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information: it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who love to learn."

The former sighed deeply, and murmured,

"And yet you are a Teuton. But you were just reading a little case of strange, and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?"

"No, it was a printed book."

"Printed? What is printing? I never heard but of writing."

"It is an art by which one man can give to the world, in one day as much as three hundred could give by writing; and in a character of superior clearness, correctness, and beauty; one by which books are made universal, and literature eternal."

"Admirable, glorious art!" said the inquirer; "who was its illustrious inventor?"

"A German."

"But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures; it sparkled with diamonds; but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of my day!"

"That was a repeater."

"How? When I had the luxuries of earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra and the sun-dial. But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about—from its suitableness to all hours—from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to a higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention!—Whose was it? He must be more than man."

"He was a German."

"What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave, blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those northern warriors, but we looked on them only as savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand, with a small truncheon in it; in a moment something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon a talisman? and are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?"

This strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upward in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself, as he looked on the fixed countenance of this superior being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness, which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn.—There was a single hue of pale gray in the east, that touched its visage with a chill light; the moon, resting broadly on the horizon, was setting behind; the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendor of a vision; but the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of this miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder. "It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man, for either good or ill," said the former. "How much it must change the nature of war! How much it must influence the fate of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the treaders upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge; its feebleness was gone; its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it uttered a word, it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away; it stood with its antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzling green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of eloquence. "Stranger," it said pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains.—Eighteen hundred years have passed into the great flood of eternity since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honored as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world.—But I knew nothing of those things. I was a child to you; we were all children to the discoverers of those glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then the first of the first: has she not kept her superiority? Show me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back. "Who, what are you?"

"I am a spirit. I was Cicero. Show me, by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind."

The German looked embarrassed; but, in a moment after, he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. Cicero uttered but one sigh—"Is this Italy?" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree show, fine raree show against the wall! Fine Madam Catrina dance upon de ground. Who come for de galantee show!" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. Cicero raised his broad gaze to heaven. "These the the men of my country! These the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind! What scorn and curse of Providence can have fallen upon them!" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes; the first sun-beam struck across the spot where he stood; a purple mist rose around him, and he was gone!

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The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats and rushed out of the hall. The prince and his suit had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sunrise. Another night in Venice, they would have been on their way to the other world.

Home, Sweet Home.

I am anxious to say a few words about *Home*. The song tells us "there is no place like" it. And the song is right. But how few homes there are in the world! Or how many "homes which are no homes!" It is enough to make one sick to look at it. Not one home in ten is deserving of the name. And what wonder! Look at it.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, "marries it," goes to housekeeping with it—and boasts of having a home to go to, and a wife. The chances are nine to ten he has neither. His pretty face soon gets to be an old story—or becomes faded or freckled, or fretted—and as that face was all he wanted, all he "paid attention to," all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to "love, honor, and protect,"—he gets sick of his trade; knows a dozen faces which he likes better; gives up staying at home evenings; consoles himself with cigars, oysters, whiskey punch and politics; and looks upon his "home" as a very indifferent boarding house. A family of children grow up about him; but neither he nor his "face" knows anything about training them; so they come up helter-skelter—made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when young men and women—and so passing year after year, and not one quiet, happy, hearty, homely hour is known throughout the whole household.

Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the polka with it, exchanges *billet doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets "yes" from it, is published to it, takes it to the parson's; weds it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends and says, poor devil, that he too is married, and has got a home. It's a lie. He is not married—has no home—and he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box, but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. Friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the cupboard, the new bible, the newer baby, and then bid the "fortune" and him who "husbands" it, good morning. Good morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that gilded "fortune" were falsely declared to be "one."

Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them. They take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, first one, then the other, proffering themselves both in exchange for her one heart. The dear miss is overcome with such magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home her prize, shows it to her pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there was never such a pair [of whiskers] before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then the unlucky discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.

There are many other kinds of ill-assorted "marriages," and they all result in unhappy "homes." What else could be expected?—Young folks get their ideas of the holiest relation in life from the novel. Or when this is not the case, they, in most instances, have no idea at all of it, but are governed in their choice and conduct by their feelings, their passions, or their imagined interests. Thus the marriage union is prostituted throughout the civilised world, and the terrible retribution is seen in myriads of discordant and disordered households. Home, which should be the most beautiful of places, is shunned by thousands as a pest house. Children finding no enjoyment beneath the parental roof, seek for it in places of public resort, become corrupted in their manners and morals, and are ruined. To this cause more than to almost any other, can be traced the immorality of our youth. Look at this town. See the hundreds of dirty-faced brats which swarm our streets, and insult every passer by with impunity! Have they homes which are homes? No—They have places where they stay o' nights, eat, get scolded, and whipped; but as for the purifying influence of home, they are strangers to it. Their fathers and mothers are no more one, than light and darkness, or fire and powder. It is so in all our towns. It is so everywhere.

Oh, what a delight it is—if it were only for the rarity of the thing—to enter a house, where husband and wife are one, and the whole family are united together in the bands of love! There always is peace, there always is heaven itself.—Sorrow there will be, of course, for shade is everywhere as inevitably as sunshine; but alike in sorrow and in joy, possibly more in sorrow than in joy—the true home, the home which is home, is a scene of the utmost beauty. It is the pure domestic influence which the world mainly needs for its purification. These noisy sects, these conceited orators, may all do a required work—but the one thing needful is the calm, serene, yet resistless influence of home. Show me a family of children brought up in the pure atmosphere of such a place; led into the paths of light and love by a kind mother; directed to scenes of honorable ambition by a wise father; disciplined in all pure affections by the sweet intercourse of brother and sister, and the offices of good neighborhood; and you show me a family whose characters will do more towards elevating the moral sentiment of the community, and unloosing its bands of wickedness, than could be effected by all the organizations into which poor human nature has ever been dovetailed.—*Lynn Pioneer.*

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

The Beautiful Legend.

We find in a late sermon by Theodore Parker, the following story. The subject of the discourse was "rest."

"They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, the seven pillars of wisdom, sat in the Court of the Temple on feast day, disputing about rest. One said that it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second, that it was fame and praise of all men.—The third, that it was the possession of power to rule the state. The fourth, that it consisted only of a happy home. The fifth, that it must only be in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said that all were vain unless a man keep all the ritual law of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brethren, said—"Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing is necessary, he can only find rest, who to all these things addeth this—that he keepeth the traditions of the elders."

"There sat in the Court a fair-haired boy, playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said—"Nay, nay, fathers, he only loveth rest who loves his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, and wealth, and power, happier than a happy home, happy without it, better than honored age, he is a law to himself and above all tradition." The doctors were astonished. They said—"when Christ cometh, shall he tell us greater things?" And they thanked God, for they said—"the old men are not always wise, yet God be praised that out of the mouth of this young suckling, has his praise become perfect."

Exhaustion of Talk.—How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn, between two persons only, is curiously set down in the following passage from Count Gonfalonieri's account of his imprisonment :—

"I am an old man now, yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body! Fifteen years I existed, for I did not live—it was not life—in the same dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone!—I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared in my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together! we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or to liberty; but I was *glad* when he was gone; even solitude was better than the dim vision of that pale, vacant face. After that I was alone; only one event broke in upon nine years' vacancy. One day, it must have been a year or two after my companion left me, the dungeon door was opened, and a voice—whence proceeding I knew not—uttered these words :—'By order of his imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.' Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again."

A maiden lady of forty, in reply to an ironical question why she did not enter the holy state of matrimony, said, "Why, by waiting, I may get one of the best of husbands—and if I get a bad one, I shall have reason to rejoice that I have not long to live with him."

An exchange paper truly observes that it is fully as impertinent to ask an editor the name of some of his correspondents, as of an old maid her age, and you will get the truth just about as soon

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Fossil Footprints.—Dexter Marsh, a laboring mechanic of Greenfield, many years ago discovered on the flagging stones of which he was laying a side walk, what appeared to be the footprints of some strange bird. The geologists pronounced them to be such, and to belong to a period before the creation of man. This discovery so excited the curiosity and scientific ardor of Mr. Marsh that he has since made it his amusement to look for such impressions, and he has traversed the valley from the northern Massachusetts line to Wethersfield, Conn., some times spending weeks in quarrying rocks with the sole view of discovering these ancient tracks. In the last number of Silliman's Journal of Science he gives a brief account of his labors and success, from which we may understand that the Connecticut valley, in bygone ages, was a favorite resort of birds that would have made no more of putting men in their crops, than turkeys do of swallowing grasshoppers.

Mr. Marsh has in his possession more than eight hundred foot-prints of birds and quadrupeds, besides having furnished many specimens to others in this and other countries. In some cases these specimens are so distinct as not only to show the joints of the toes but the perfect impression of the skin. He has perfect tracks of quadrupeds so small that a half dime will cover the whole foot, and again others of birds where the foot measures half a yard from the toe to the heel, so that if the birds which made them were proportioned like those we now have they must have stood twenty feet high!

He has sometimes followed the track of a bird thirty or forty feet in the rock, the track being at first faint, as if on hard soil; then more distinct, as if imprinted on the sand at the water's edge, and finally sinking into the mud and disappearing in the water. He has one slab four or five inches thick, on which the tracks appear as mere straight lines upon the surface; but on splitting it into five layers, they grow more and more distinct, till the lower slab shows where the foot rested, just as if, when the stone was in the state of mud, the bird trod down to the bottom of it, and on withdrawing the foot the mud closed up.

Among these tracks are many very unlike to those made by any known animals, but still so marked as to leave no doubt that animals made them. A sort of Kangaroo, for example, shows very small fur feet and very large bird ones. Of this the Journal of Science gives a striking cut.

What a field of speculation do these researches of a modest laboring mason present.

A Great Truth Beautifully Expressed. At a recent dedication of a new school in Boston, Mayor Quincy, after stating that $200,000 had just been expended by the city authorities in the erection of school houses, gave utterance to the following beautiful thought :—

"If but once in a century, a little being should be sent into this world, of the most delicate and beautiful structure, and we were told that a wonderful principle pervaded every part of it, capable of unlimited expansion and happiness—capable of being associated with angels and becoming the friend of God; or if it should receive a wrong bias, growing up in enmity against Him and incurring everlasting misery, would any expense of education which would contribute to save from such misery and elevate to such happiness, be too much? But instead of one such little being, twenty-five thousand are now entrusted to the care of the "city fathers," and their education in this world will determine their future destiny—of companionship with the angels, or with the degraded, wretched enemies of God."

Death from Intemperance.—Mr. Lewis Chadbourne, of Georgetown, Mass., died very suddenly in the oyster saloon of Dorman & Lake, in Haverhill, Mass., on Wednesday. The Salem Register states that a woman named Cranin, was found dead in a house in Daniels street, Salem, on Saturday. She had been drinking freely.

The Widow of Rona.

It is related that in one of the channels among the Hebrides, is a harbor of such peculiarity, that it is more easily entered by night than by day; and perilous though it be, government has erected there no beacon to guide the storm-tossed mariner. The generosity of a lone woman, however, supplies the defect of legal bounty. Every dark night, a poor widow of Rona sets a little cresset in her window, and by the aid of its light a strange vessel may enter in safety. Truly, thus "shines a good deed in a naughty world." Nor does the widow alone send her lamp-flame across the tossing waves; she opens her cottage door to the benumbed and shivering sailor; her glowing fire restores to him vital warmth, and her humble board offers to him its plain refection.

This woman has saved more lives than Davy's safety-lamp, and thousands of pounds to the underwriters, yet seldom has she been prevailed upon to receive any reward. In her young days she beheld a beloved husband swallowed up by the whelming waves,

"In sight of home, and friends who thronged to save."

To avert such calamity from others, she chose the rocky promontory for her solitary dwelling place, and there spends all her days in doing good.

This beautiful lesson is most encouraging to benevolence. It is not the wealthy alone that enjoy the luxury of doing good; the poor help the poor; sympathy and service are the privilege of us all; and even those who stand in need of both, do good, for they are occasion of virtue and of enjoyment to their benefactors.

Be true.—How stirring those words of George Herbert "Lie not," neither to thyself, nor man, nor God. Let mouth and heart be one—beat and speak together; and make both felt in action. It is for cowards to lie. Lies are the offspring of fear, and slaves to it spit them forth amid the stormy workings of the soul in froth. How like a living thing this truth, as in a gem, shines out as George Herbert sang it two centuries ago.

"Lie not, but let thy heart be true to God;
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod,
The stormy working soul spits lies in froth.
Dare to be True. Nothing can need a lie,
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby."

The Motto on the Bridal Ring.—A young gentleman of fine intellect and noble heart, was suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by everything that could make existence pleasant and happy—a wife that idolized him—children that loved him as they only can love, and friends devoted to him; the summons came and he lay upon the bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was wedded, placed a bridal ring upon his finger, upon the inside of which he had a few words privately engraven. The husband would never permit the giver to read them, telling her that the day would come when her wish should be gratified, and she should know the secret.—Seven years glided away, and a day or two since, when conscious that he must soon leave his wife forever, he called her to his bedside, and with his dying accents told her that the hour had at last come when she should see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger, and though heart-stricken with grief, eagerly read the words—"I have loved thee on Earth—I will meet thee in Heaven."

☞ In London the quantity of intoxicating drinks consumed daily, and the wretchedness and crime consequent thereon, is frightful. Ninety thousand houses are licensed by Government to poison the bodies and souls of that wretched people.

Let the miser have his gold, and the man of honor his emblem of renown, but let my portion be the boon of friendship, secured within some faithful heart, in which peace, contentment and every virtue, reign perpetually supreme.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, ANNA C. MATTISON, } Editors.

THURSDAY. FEB. 1, 1849.

Cholera---Intemperance.

What anxiety and fear is everywhere manifested, in regard to the fearful scourge which is threatening to sweep thousands of human beings into eternity, during the present year!—What active measures are being taken to stay, if possible, this pestilence, and to prevent its fearful ravages! Streets and dwellings must be cleaned; boards of health must be appointed, to see that all things are done that may be, to lighten its effects. Physicians must consult as to the best means of preventing, or if they cannot prevent, of curing this fatal disease. Remedy after remedy is published to the world, and read with avidity by all, and yet the plague is marching onward with relentless strides, and thousands are doomed to fall before it!

But why all this anxiety and alarm, in regard to the cholera, when we are so indifferent about a worse fate to which many are consigned.—Have we not a greater plague already among us, which is mowing down its tens of thousands yearly? Have we not a scourge which is desolating the once happy homes of countless numbers, and sending to the grave myriads of people, stained with all the crime and pollution, of which it is possible to conceive? Are there not tens of thousands of houseless, homeless mothers, and tender, innocent babes, driven yearly before this pestilence, to endure all the sufferings of cold, nakedness and hunger, and at last to die a miserable death, unpitied and uncared for?

Yes, the tyrant alcohol has already slain its millions, and is yet continuing his deadly work, and who is there that fears his ravages? What measures are taken by the authorities, and boards of health, to arrest its progress? What remedies are recommended for the prevention of its fearful devastations, by those in high places, whose business it is to stay, if possible, the maddening tide? Who thinks it necessary to offer up prayers to the God of heaven, to spare us from *this* fearful plague?

If we suffer this scourge, which it is in our power to arrest, to continue its devastating work, year after year, why have we such fear of the Cholera, which will probably spend itself in one year, and then leave us, perhaps, forever. It is universally admitted, that this disease makes its most fearful ravages among the intemperate and depraved. If this is indeed so, why are there no measures taken to shut up the ten thousand flood-gates of ruin, which are sending forth their streams of death around us? Why are they suffered to instil the poison into the system, and thereby fit it to become an easy prey to the destroyer?

Alas for the blindness and inconsistency of man! The good which he might do, he does not; but he will fight against those things over which he can have no power. The cholera will no doubt slay its thousands, and alcohol its tens of thousands. Against the former will be brought to bear all that the ingenuity of man can devise—the latter will be suffered to continue its march, unmolested by those whose duty it is to arrest its course. The old, and the middle aged—the full grown youth, and the tender child—male and female, shall alike bow before it. Yea, and law will stand by and justify the deed, and sustain its unholy agents! Such is the consistency of man!

We believe that the Cholera is a scourge, sent by the Almighty to chastise the nations; and well do we deserve this punishment for our great wickedness. We may fight against it, but we cannot overcome it. The arm of the Lord is mighty to save, and to destroy, and it becometh us to bow humbly to his will, and see to it that we are prepared for whatever fate he has in store for us. If aught can be done by human agency to arrest the pestilence which is sent upon us, then it should by all means be done; but we should like to see it begin at the fountain head—the acknowledged source whence springs this foul disease. Let that be once purified, and not only the cholera shall be driven hence, but the streams of squalid poverty and wretchedness shall be dried up, and in their places shall flow rivers of joy and gladness, carrying peace and plenty to the now desolate and sorrowing victims of legalized inhumanity.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

How few of those who have the training of youth committed to them lay this wise precept to heart! Indeed, it seems to be a common impression in these days, that children need no training at all. The saying that "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," seems to be entirely forgotten, and the tender minds of children are left like noxious weeds, to grow up without proper cultivation, and to imbibe habits and principles according to chance, whether good or evil. It is a common thing to hear mothers express the wish that their children would do such and such things, and add "but they will not; I cannot manage them, they will do as they please." And this too, at an age when the child should have no will of its own. We dislike to hear such expressions from a mother, for there must be something wrong on her part, or the child would not be the master. She forgets that the mind of her child is as pliable as wax, and can be moulded at her will, into virtuous or vicious habits, which will render him happy or miserable through life. No after time can efface the good impressions made upon a child, by a virtuous and christian mother. This was well understood by the wise man of old, when he said, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." We will allow that there is a great difference in children—that some are *naturally* better than others; yet we believe that this difference is oftener owing to the education they receive from their first to their tenth year. Many a man may well accuse his mother as the cause of his degredation and ruin, because she neglected to instil into his youthful mind, the virtuous principles which were necessary to guard him from evil, as he grew to be a man. Parents are too regardless of the great responsibility resting upon them, and of the trust committed to their charge. They forget that the treasure is only lent them for a season to fit it for another world, and that they must render an account to Him whose they are, for the manner in which they have performed their duty. How early are their little ones put forward, and sent out to mingle in the pomps and vanities of the world! How young are they taught that to appear well in the eyes of the world is the great object for which they should strive! Their minds are left uncultivated, their intellects unimproved; their principles are gathered from the society into which they may chance to fall, and what wonder is it, that so many have their happiness blasted, and their minds wrecked, by dissipation and vice.

Oh, how fearful a thing it is, to have the guidance of a youthful mind! How little those know what they are doing, who have professed to be the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and have had their little ones baptized into his church, when they send them forth to join in the gay dance, and the giddy whirl of pleasure! They seem willing that their morals should be corrupted, if they but learn what the world calls manners.

How much better would it be, if they would provide them with intellectual studies and innocent amusements at home; and endeavor to foster in them such principles as would render them virtuous and intelligent beings. How should they strive to raise their thoughts above the vain allurements of pleasure, and store their minds with such useful knowledge as would make them bright and shining ornaments in society.

Sheridan wrote, "Women govern us; let us try to render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more we shall be. On the cultivation of the minds of women, depends the wisdom of man." Napoleon said, "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." How important then that mothers should fully understand the responsibility of their position, and the qualifications necessary to fit them for it; since upon them depends the future weal or woe of their own offspring.

☞ We have before us a letter from one who always speaks to us as from the "inner world." We know she will forgive this word of extract, for we could not help it. It is so deep-toned in its pious breathings, we felt that it would give wealth and purity to this column of our little sheet.

Ohio, ——, ——.

* * * "But the chord, the golden chord, that vibrates most sweetly upon my ——'s heart and my own, I have not yet touched. The religion of Jesus! Here all the sweet associations of life cluster, clad in the living green of the better land. 'Tis this alone that reconciles me to a separation from one whose being seems interwoven by a thousand fibres with my own. Never have I felt the worth of salvation by Jesus as I have this winter. A wave from the fount of living waters has swept over us and many hearts have been invigorated.

"Pray that the interior life may beat with a strong and free pulse in my bosom, and all that is unholy be crucified."

☞ Our subscribers will bear in mind that our terms are invariably *cash in advance*. A prompt attention to these terms, will save us a great deal of trouble, and will, we doubt not, be attended with much satisfaction to our friends who comply with them. Payment may be made to either of the Editors, or to W. C. Mattison.

A good education is the foundation of happiness, and an intelligent mother the best instructor.

Correspondents.—The article on the ... of our paper, written by W. J. E. was received just as our first number was going to press —we glanced at it hastily, and laid it aside for this number, but upon referring to it again we find that it was written expressly for our first paper, and would seem to be somewhat out of place in this. The writer wishes to know which of the innumerable variety of lilies we have chosen as our emblem: and after naming the beauties of each, concludes by hoping that it may be the white Lily, the sweetest and purest of them all. We have had many similar enquiries, and as we cannot find room for them all, we would refer the writers to the last sentence in our leading article of last month, for an answer. By examining their "Floras," they will find an easy solution.

☞ Luman Rogers of this place, is now acting as agent for the "Lily," and is authorized by us, to receive subscriptions and forward moneys for this paper.

Acknowledgments.—J. F. T. of Auburn—your letter and the enclosed was duly received, and the papers sent as directed. We have found many friends willing to render us aid, but you have gone ahead of them all. Again we thank you.

A. M. H. of Penn Yan—Your "New Year's present." was very acceptable. Thank you sir.

Wm. Wiley, of Rochester—Your kindness and generosity, are fully appreciated. Many thanks to you for it.

Arad Joy, of Ovid—Your letter and the enclosed received and the papers sent as directed We feel greatly obliged to you.

New Years Calls.

It is with feelings of surprise and regret, that we hear that there are ladies in our village who can deliberately fill the intoxicating cup for their friends who call on New Years day. We had hoped that this pernicious custom was entirely abandoned—that the ladies at least, in these days of reform, were not so insensible to the evils of intemperance that they could unhesitatingly present the poisoned chalice to their friends, and under the garb of friendship rob them of reason, and unfit them for the society of any but the vicious and depraved. But our hopes are disappointed; we have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the custom is confined to a few—a *very few*. Yet this small number are of a class whose influence is felt for good, or for evil, and when arrayed on the side of evil much injury may be done, though their number be small.

We envy not the careless indifference of those who can thus turn tempter, and offer as refreshment to our youth that which they well know is as poison to their victims. We would not bear the guilt of such a deed, for all the honors that wealth and station can bestow. We wish affectionately to ask these ladies, if they have ever reflected seriously on this subject. Have you ever thought of the enormity of the sin; and of the example you are setting for those near, and dear, to you? Have you no fears for that husband who so freely sips his wine? Have you no fears for that loved brother, who loves to linger ... over the enchanting bowl? Have you no fears for that dear child, whom you may be dooming to all the horrors of a drunkard's life? Have you ever thought that you were training up your little ones to fill the drunkard's ranks—your sons for drunkards, and your daughters to be the victims of drunken husbands? Are you willing that others should provide for *your* son, the poisoning and debasing draught? Are you prepared to see the fair forms of those you love, prostrated by that destroyer of all that is lovely? their passions brutalized, their intellects destroyed, their minds a perfect wreck, their peace and happiness blasted forever? Are you prepared for all this, and willing that your own hand should be first to deal the poison?

Look well to it, ye careless ones, or your conduct may one day bring down sorrow and a just retribution upon your own heads. Take heed ye supporters of this traffic of death, or you may yet have cause to mourn over your folly, and hear your children curse you as the cause of their ruin, both in time, and in eternity!

Oh think, we beseech you, think seriously of this matter, while you have power to avert the impending evil! Let not the thought that you have been instrumental in working the ruin of any of your fellow creatures, rise to condemn you. Do what lies in your power to stay this deadly traffic. Your influence, if exerted for the good of your fellow mortals, may go far to drive this moral pestilence from society. It may go far to heal the broken heart—to dry the bitter tear of sorrow—to clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, and to carry peace and happiness to many now wretched and desolate homes. Come up to the work then, while there is yet time; banish the foul poison from your dwellings; let your feelings become interested in this subject, and we promise you that you will experience greater pleasure than you have ever felt when administering the unwholesome draught to your friends.

Remember the Poor.

As the cold, piercing winds of inclement winter, compel us to draw near to our comfortable fires, and force us to wrap more closely about us our fur-embossed habiliments, ought we not, as citizens more fortunate, as social, humane and dependent beings, to "Remember the Poor," and forget not the wants of the needy and the destitute? Shall we not, as we are pleasantly seated around the "social board," warmed by the torrid radiations of the "blazing hearth," or of the self-regulating, labor and fuel-saving heat generators, and blessed with the presence and smile of those we love, and sheltered from the drifting snows and driving winds, that make their cheerless moan around our peaceful dwellings—*reflect*, that thousands of our unfortunate fellows —some heirs to poverty, others

"Once in fortune's lap high fed,"

are piming in hopeless destitution and pinching want? And after such reflection as shall bestir sympathies and cause "to feel for others woe" shall we not act? Or shall we permit unfeeling and pitiless *selfishness* to stagnate and paralyze the better and finer feelings of our nature, and let the unfortunate suffer, and render ourselves the more liable to drink the bitter dregs of their chalice of sorrow and thus effectually destroy and uproot that invaluable principle of benevolence so deeply planted in our bosoms and indelibly imprinted upon our being, by the finger of Him, who in wisdom created man for himself, and bound him to his fellow by an indissoluble bond of sacred brotherhod? These are questions of practicable and virtual import. Nor do I deal with fiction, or the specious theory of an Utopian, when I declare, that were we to obey the mandates of Benevolence, and not bow at the shrine, or partake so deeply of the common cup, of selfishness, that less of poverty, distress and vice, would be the happy and certain consequences.

How oft is the feeling heart of the observing and reflecting, made to feel the stasis of the vital currents of humanity at the sight of miseries attendant upon hapless penury and want! Did it but engender disease, and hasten the dissolution of frail, decaying mortality, it were of secondary importance. But alas! it too often inhumes intellect and virtue in the sable sepulchre of ignorance and vice, which otherwise might have shone as stars of the first magnitude in the intellectual and moral firmament. Then, ye benevolent, awake! if not to rescue mind and morals from the rubbish of destitution, to contribute to the necessities and comforts of those "whom we shall have with us always," and thus exemplify one of the grand tenets of Christianity to take care of the worthy poor, and visit, with gifts according to ability, the orphan and widow in their affliction.

OSEE.

Jan., 1849.

Penn Yan, Jan. 20th, 1849.

Editors of "The Lily":

Your readers in this section and some in others, will perhaps be interested in a brief sketch of some of the "Ragged Schools," as Father Chipman calls them, in this section of the State.—During the tremendous snow storm of the last of December, ('48,) a gentleman of this place, coming through Dundee in this county, was obliged to put up at one of the institutions above alluded to. The main school room was furnished with a bar, and a dozen or more scholars were in attendance. One generous hearted fellow went up often and called for "the liquor" for the company; he was lauded and urged to treat; others occasionally treated. One among them taking advantage of his liberality jogged him occasionally for a shilling, and two shillings, and pocketed the money. In this way he was soon relieved of his funds, and he at last sunk down upon a chair.—After being still for a time, he was seized with what appeared like a violent fit of *delirium tremens*. He rolled, tumbled, and frothed at the mouth, and when at last the spasms subsided, and he was barely able to stand alone, he was thrust out doors by the inhuman landlord into a driving snow storm, that made the heart of pity yield before it, and left to find his way, as was said, three miles to his house, or perish in the attempt. The company continued to drink, and some of his money went to pay for the liquor.

Yours, &c., H.

Why is a lady, while decorating her fingers, like one in distress? Because she's *wringing* her hands.

Who is Responsible for the Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks?

We answer, the People. Yes, it is upon the people, and especially upon those of wealth and standing in society, that the weight of condemnation must fall. They have it in their power to put a stop to the deadly traffic, but use their power, and lend their influence, instead, to sustain and defend it. They see their children fast becoming the victims of this business, but they raise no voice against it. What though their sons are fast treading the downward road of vice and intemperance—it is all right. The business must be sustained, even at the sacrifice of their children. They countenance and support it themselves, and what wonder is it, if their sons follow their example. They know that the rumseller will spare no pains to entice them within his net: yet they stand idly by, and suffer the work to go on. They seem willing to sacrifice their children upon the alter of intemperance, and doom them to a life of misery rather than aid in exterminating this destroyer of their happiness. They look with indifference, and frequently with contempt, upon those who are trying to free our country from this curse; and use their influence to defeat them in their laudable undertaking.

They have no pity for the poor drundard, or his starving and perishing family. They have no pity for the poor criminal under sentence of death, for the murder of a beloved wife, while bereft of reason by this deadly poison. They heed not his groans of anguish when reason returns, and he becomes sensible of the dreadful deed he has committed. They have no pity for the ten thousand houseless, homeless victims of the detested traffic which they are aiding to sustain. No, they sympathise rather, with the destroyer of all these victims, and are willing to stay his hand, while he continues his murderous work.

Those who remain silent on this subject, and do nothing for the good of our cause, even though temperate themselves, are equally guilty with the open opposer. They acknowledge the evil, but will not raise a voice for its suppression, though by so doing they might accomplish the great and glorious work of redeeming their fellow men from a cruel bondage.

God grant that the day may come speedily, when the minds of the people may become enlightened on this subject, and the darkness of their understandings dispelled. Then shall the wanderer find shelter, and the houseless a home. Peace and plenty shall dwell where poverty and want have long had place; and the tears of sorrow shall be wiped from many a cheek. Happiness and contentment, shall fall to the lot of many now pining in want, and misery, and heartfelt thanksgivings will ascend to heaven, for the freedom of an enslaved people.

"The Cayuga Chief," a true hearted Sachem coming weekly before the public, edited by Thurlow Weed Brown, and published at Auburn N. Y.—price $1 per annum.

Among all the pleasant things that *have* been spoken, there is none that has fallen so like morning sunlight upon the breast of our white-cheeked daughter, as the voice of the generous Chief of the Cayugas. He met her as she was wandering timidly and alone amid the strange faces of his own tribe, and he smiled upon her and took her white hand in his, and bade the broad bosoms of the Cayugas beat kindly towards the "fair haired daughter of the Senecas," and told her that before the north star had gazed many times upon its own beauty in the still waters of the clear browed Canadasaga, he would see the pale forest-born, at the door of her own lodge. And there she will welcome him with gladdened eye, and teach him that the ungifted child of the gray-wooded Seneca, has as warm a heart as the noble Chieftain of the Cayugas.

☞ We have enjoyed a rich treat the past week, in listening to the highly interesting and instructive lectures of G. W. Bungay, who has again visited our village after an absence of of about a year. We hope that the good we have derived may not end with his leaving us; and we have the promise from him, that both we and our readers, shall have the pleasure of hearing from him occasionally, through the columns of the Lily.

☞ We were delightfully entertained on Tuesday evening last (Jan. 15th) with a most sumptuous Supper, prepared by Mr. Fuller of the Temperance House, in this village. A hundred

"Fair women and brave men"

can testify that

"All was merry as a marriage bell."

By the way, Mr. Isaac Fuller keeps one of the best Temperance Houses in these parts. The traveller may be assured that the best will be provided for himself and beast.

Remember Fuller's Temperance Hotel.
Seneca Falls, Seneca Co., N. Y.

[Communicated.

"Ma," said a little blue-eyed lisper, a few days since, "do naughty devils eat and drink?"

"I do not know my love, I never saw a naughty devil."

"Ma, don't they drink rum?"—Query!

A man of base mind, is daily substracting from his friends.

For he holdeth himself so cheaply, that others learn to dispise him.

But when the meekness of self-knowledge veileth the front of self respect,

There look for the men whom none can know, but honor.

So saith Tupper.

Moderate Desires.—Is that beast better that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee that feeds on dew and manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn, or drink better from the fountain when it is finely paved with marble, than when it swells over the green turf? He that propounds to his fancy things greater than himself or his needs, and is discontented and troubled when he fails of such, ought not to abuse Providence, or blame his fortunes, but his folly. God and nature made no more needs than they mean to satisfy, and he that will make more, must look for satisfaction where he can.—[Jeremy Taylor.

Genteel Oddities.—Some one says:—It is odd enough to hear people prate about temperance and moral reforms, while they indulge in wine-bibbing and licentiousness—but genteel people do it.

A paper says, that by cultivation, chesnuts may be made to grow as large as small-sized apples. Now the question comes, how large is a small-sized apple? Tom Thumb is as big as a small-sized man, for he is that thing to perfection.

Utility and Influence of Music.—In the year 1830, I resided in a country town, a distance from this city, and during my stay there I perceived that there was little or no attention paid to the subject of music. And what was the effect! Why, there were more than a hundred young men, loitering about grog-shops. In this way they sought to divert themselves—and many had nearly been ruined. In 1835, a music school was opened in the vicinity of the dram-shop. It was something new, their attention was excited to the subject, and many who before had been almost abandoned, who were far gone in the paths of vice, gave their immediate attention to the study of music. And by this means they were diverted, and so much so, that the dram-seller almost despaired of pursuing business. Yes, by the introduction of music in a vicinity where hardly nothing but immorality, vice, and intemperance could be perceived, the scene was changed. The rum-seller failed, was thrown out of business, and left the place. And as I passed through the town in 1839, I learned from an acquaintance of good authority that the place was indeed changed.—The dram-shop was forsaken, churches and academies erected, music and singing schools are common, and so great has been the change effected, that many who once felt indifferent to the sound of the gospel and morality, to industry and temperance, now rejoice to think that they have been made the happy partakers of such blessings. And, gentlemen, I wish you prosperity in all your endeavors to promote this cause. May Providence smile upon you, and the subscriptions for your musical paper meet your expectations, that you may hence know,

How pleasant it is to see,
People dwell in harmony.

[Musical Visitor.

Social Readings.—The benefits of social readings are manifold. Pleasures shared with others are increased by the partnership. A book is ten fold a book, when read in the company of beloved friends, around the ruddy fire, on the wintry evenings; and when our intellectual pleasures are bathed in domestic affection. An eloquent writer, commending the practice of reading aloud, says:

"Among a thousand means of making home attractive—a main point in ethics—this stands high. What is more pleasing? What more attractive? What more rational? He would be a benefactor indeed who should devise a plan for redeeming our evenings—and rallying the young men who scatter to clubs and taverns, and brawling assemblies. Such a reformer and inventor would deserve a garland of heart's ease from the hands of slighted woman. Families which are in a state of mutual repulsion have no evenings together over books or music. The master is frequently at the bar-room. The boys are at some public room or place of amusement. The girls are abroad in full dress. The mother sits at home in spectacles. And the several parties straggle in, weary, and sometimes surly, at such hours as suits their whim, and then only as nature demands sleep. It is well if even this, at length, is not sought from home.

There is a higher reason still in favor of the practice here recommended. Writing is the vehicle of a vast body of truth relating to our spiritual and immortal part, truth which we are prone to neglect, and truth which is never without a reference. No where is the volume of holy wisdom more appropriate, than when read aloud in the household assembly; no where is religion more sweetly intermingled with the attachments of the heart. Heavenly counsels are not less impressive when conveyed in the winning tones of the familiar and cherished voice.

I beg leave to add, this is a pleasure for the poor man's house, and for this I love it. The poor man, if educated, is placed almost on a level with the prince, in respect to the best part of literary wealth. Let him ponder the suggestions and enjoy the privilege.

Written for the Lily.

The Nebular Theory.

SECTION I.

INTRODUCTION.

That the earth has existed through an indefinite period of years is now a recognized and established fact. The question *when* its existence commenced, we have not the data either in profane or sacred history to solve. It is certain, however, and Geology coincides with the word of Revelation, that the present vegetables, and races of animals and inhabitants of the earth are comparatively of recent origin.

The history of the formation of the Earth has been a topic of much learned speculation! The Scriptural account is quite vague, however sufficiently exact for all the designs it had in view, which was not to give aid particularly to science and human learning, so much as to impress man's mind with the moral, rather than the physical, character of the earth's beginning.

Geology, the sum of all modern sciences, opens a field of investigations of such vast magnitude, that we are confounded with the conclusions of our own reasoning, and feel like hiding from the awful revelations that are brought to view; we expand, as it were, and grasp worlds, instead of the pebbles we are accustomed to handle; we send the mind back through the vista of millions of forgotten years instead of numbering the moments and hours of the passing day; we strike deep, to the earth's core, and explore, as a cave, the contents of our globe, and bringing the light of science and reason to bear upon the whole, start to life, and proclaim to the wondering ears of men the History of Matter; tracing it back to the commencement of Motion, thence "taking a leap in the dark," or acknowledging an omnipotent God.

THE NATURE OF HEAT.

In order to appreciate the mode of the organization of Matter, it will be necessary first to hint at some of those physical agents that are recognized as having a powerful influence in Nature. Such as heat, electricity and gravitation. The nature of Heat is to expand all bodies. Expansion by heat is capable of being carried to an indefinite extent; for instance, water, by this application becomes vapor, and as heat is applied becomes more and more attenuated, until means of *increasing* heat fails rather than the susceptibility to expansion. Heat removed, it again diminishes in extent until finally occupies the space of its first condition.

All *solids* are expanded by heat, until decomposed, and the original component parts take the form of Gas and still more rapidly expand, occupying an inconceivably enlarged boundary. In proportion as matter is expanded by heat, so, also, is its diminishment by its removal, and this contractability from cooling and radiation has its application in the course of our remarks.

THE FIRST CONDITION OF MATTER.

By tracing the path that Science has laid open, we form safe conclusions. The most probable process in the formation of the Earth and the Solar system is brought to light. This process is called the "Nebular Theory." "Nebular" is derived from "nebula," a Latin word, signifying a cloud or mist.

When God spoke into existence matter, it did not exist in any of its present organized forms. Of the sixty-three elements, (according to Fowne,) which are the basis of organization—all were heterogeniously diffused throughout space, the whole Universe as one immense cloud stretched through space, being mere matter without law or order in any of its parts, and, being thus diffused, it would have eternally remained so, had not God, at this stage, impressed upon it a law. We find, in all our observations, that God does not bring forth his designs in full maturity; he first gives the materials, applies the laws, and gives time to work out its perfection; no flower is created in full bloom—the seed is given, the chemical laws belonging to the earth and air operate harmoniously, producing successively the leaf, the stalk, the bud, and the flower, each requiring time to develope their physical life. Thus through all the grades of vegetation. The animal kingdom partake of this law of progression, and when God formed Mind, he did not step aside from the analogy to those laws he had fixed upon matter, but created it to have its first perceptions, the senses, through which to receive materials of thought, until so supplied, it boldly falls back upon its own resources and becomes a thinking spirit, capable of endless progression in knowledge and strength. Such were the laws of progression impressed upon Matter. Its first existence was not confined to a particular portion of space, so to speak. Neither did the various qualities with which matter is endowed come forth singly, but in a diffused mixture, throughout the regions of immensity, and thus "stood fast," prepared to obey the first message from Jehovah.

Madison

The Butcher Outwitted.

A butcher in a provincial town, called the other day upon his lawyer, to consult him upon the following point:—

A lady had just been in the shop, buying a choice bit of beef for her worthy husband's dinner. Her pet-dog, which accompanied her, forgetting his good manners in the shop, had, either in snuffing at, or tasting a nice roast, tumbled it amongst the saw-dust wherewith the floor was strewn, and soiled it. His question to the lawyer was,—

"Is this lady bound to pay me for, and receive the said roast? and if so, how may payment be enforced?"

The lawyer inquired if the lady was a good customer, and being answered in the affirmative, he said:—

"My advice to you as a friend would be not to enforce payment of the 7s. 6d., (for that was the full value of the roast,) because, if you do, you will most likely lose the family's custom, and that of some of their friends. But, when the lady's husband looks in, you may take an opportunity of mentioning the circumstance to him in as gentle and as polite a way as you can, and very probably he will pay it at once."

"I dare say you're right; I'll just follow your advice, and take the liberty of telling you the lady was your own wife."

The lawyer gave a good-natured laugh, put his hand into his pocket, and paid the 7s. The butcher went away in great glee; for he was proud of his shrewdness in *doing* the lawyer.—In his exultation he hurried to his neighbors, the confectioner, the grocer and apothecary, to tell them of the capital joke, and great was the chuckling of these cronies over it. The butcher's dreams that night were pleasant, and on the morrow his temper was placid and serene. He mused of spending the half crowns in treating the confectioner, grocer and apothecary. While in this delightful mood, the postman handed him a note. It was from his friend, the lawyer, and contained an account—

"A, debtor to D.—To consultation, £1 1s."

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY.—We see not in this life the end of human actions. The influence never dies. In every widening circle it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world—time determines what shall be our condition in that world. Every morning when we go forth, we lay the moulding hand on our destiny, and every evening when we have done, we have left a deathless impress upon our character. We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity; not a voice but reports to the throne of God. Let youth especially think of these things, and let every one remember, that in this world, where character is in its formation state, it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.

The appetite for sensual pleasures, ever palls with enjoyment. With moral and intellectual pleasures the reverse is true.

THE SLAVE MOTHER CROSSING THE OHIO.—We remember, says a writer in the True American, the story of a cruel master who, without cause, had determined to sever a slave mother and her only child. She had been faithful unto the very worst usage, and she determined to remain so, until he told her that on the morrow her child must be borne to New Orleans to be sold there in the slave mart.

It was mid winter. The earth was covered with frost, yet at midnight she started for the Ohio, determined if she could, to live and die with her child.

She reached its banks as the pursuers rose the hill beyond—no boat was near—masses of broken ice were sluggishly drifting along, what was she to do? Trusting to heaven, she put her feet on the treacherous element, and with it bending and breaking beneath her, (spectators on either side expecting to see her and her child sink at every moment,) she boldly pushed on from cake to cake until she landed safely on the Ohio shore. Five minutes sooner and she must have perished—two minutes later and she would have met with a watery grave, for before she had proceeded twenty steps the ice behind her, close on the Kentucky side, had broken and scattered ere she reached the mid river. 'Thank God, you and your child are safe,' exclaimed the hard-hearted master, as he saw her land, rejoiced that he had escaped the responsibillty of their death.

'Brave woman,' said a Kentuckian who had witnessed her escape and met her at the landing, 'you have won your freedom and shall have it.' The mother and child were kept together, and liberty and love are now their lot in their humble and happy home.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—The love that survives the tomb, says Irving, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is called into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsive agony over the present ruins of all we most loved are softened away into pensive meditations of all that was in the days of its loveliness. Who would root such a sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hours of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than songs, there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—The celebrated French physician, Dumoulin, on his death-bed, when surrounded by the most celebrated physicians of Paris, said, "My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much greater than myself." Being pressed to name them, each believing himself to be one of the three, he answered WATER, EXERCISE and DIET.

TEMPERANCE IN THE U. S.—The spread of temperance in the United States through the influence of association, has been immense, and promises still to realize much greater good. A brief summary which is given in an Albany paper, sets the matter strongly before the public.—There are now more than 1,500,000 people in the United States who abstain from the use of ardent spirits and from furnishing it to others, more than 5,000 temperance societies, embracing more than 600,000 members. More than 2,000 distilleries have been stopped; more than 5,000 merchants have ceased from the traffic. It is estimated that 30,000 persons are now sober who, had it not been for the temperance societies, would have been sots; and that at least 20,000 families are now at ease and comfort who would otherwise have been in poverty and digraced by drunken inmates. Such good results flowing from their exertions are calculated to urge the friends of the cause to renewed efforts.

For the Lily.

My Wanderer.

BY MARY MORELAND.

God bless my wanderer! his bark
Is on the open sea;
His bosom heaveth with the main,
And heaveth yet with me.
And when his deep eye bends along,
The dim and distant shore;
He yearneth wildly for his home,
God bless my wanderer!

There is *one* image in his soul,
We cannot shut it out;
Though it conflicteth strangely now,
With the stern world without;
A little happy boyish face,
With smiles his own that were;
And soft blue lifted eyes that say,
God bless our wanderer!

O, Thou, who walkest on the deep,
When midnight walketh there;
And 'mid the prairie's awful aisles,
Filling the soul with prayer,
Whether within thy still small voice
The twilight zephyrs stir;
Or in the tempest's mighty breath,
God bless my wanderer!

"Crazy Jane."

A few months ago, we visited the Poor House in a certain county in this state, and after being shown the various departments, the gentlemanly keeper conducted us to rooms occupied by the insane, where we beheld a strange meele of strange beings, among whom was a female, in whose countenance we detected the remains of an almost unearthly beauty—and while ruminating upon the probable cause of the apparent change, she suddenly darted forward, and throwing her arms around our neck, imprinted a burning kiss upon our cheek, while she addressed us in the most refined language, as her husband, making earnest inquiries for her dear little Mary, and a great number of others, probably her former friends and associates. It was not until we had answered all her questions, and satisfied her as far as our fancy enabled us to, that she could be induced to relax her hold upon us, and not then until she had exacted a solemn promise that we would visit her again soon, accompanied by little Mary.

As we left the room, and the door closed behind us, which shut out the world from the unfortunate inmates, Jane (for so the keeper called the object of our attention) hurried to the grated window, and kissing her hand, bade us remember our engagement to visit her again soon. As we turned from her there was an expression on her countenance—a strange commingling of joy and grief, which still haunts our memory—visits us amid the busy scenes of life—and which an age would not suffice to efface from our memory.

An interest thus naturally awakened, led us to inquire into the history of "Crazy Jane," as we afterwards learned was the cognomen assigned her by the citizens of the vicinity. The story is soon told.

She was once the loved, admired, and happy daughter of a wealthy citizen of the county. At the age of eighteen she was married to a man every way her equal—possessed of property, character and influence. But in an evil hour he tasted the intoxicating cup, became infuriated, and in a few years fell from his exalted position to a level with the brute—and on one occasion, while in a fit of drunken anger, laid violent hands on his wife, who, true to her woman nature, had clung as fondly to him as in the days of his prosperity. Immediately on recovering from the effects of the blow, a change came over her spirits, and in a few weeks she was a confirmed maniac. Her once fond, but now brutal husband, forsook her, and with none to care for her, she was conveyed to the county house, where we found her, and where she will probably remain until her delicate person is carelessly deposited in a rough box, and borne by stranger hands to the pauper's last refuge—a lone and unvisited grave. But, thank God, there is a rest in reserve for the weary spirit—a home for the deserted and friendless—there is an eye that watches over earth's forsaken ones—a hand that bestows mercies and blessings in a way we know not of, even in this life; and in the far off fields of future thought, will clothe the disembodied spirit in robes of celestial light; where the remembrance of cold neglect and unmerited censure will not fall upon the ear—and where the heart, which, while on earth, was burthened until it broke, will glow and expand with joys immortal in the paradise of God.

Reader, the above is no fancy sketch, but a plain, unvarnished tale of truth, in all its essentials.—[Sandy Hill Herald.

The Lily and the Rose.

Tell me, ye charming daughters of the rough black earth, who gave you your beautiful shapes, for in truth by delicate fingers ye were moulded? What tiny spirits have ascended out of your cups, and what delights did you feel as Goddesses rocked themselves upon your leaves? Tell me peaceful flowers, how did you dispose yourselves in your joyful occupation, and beckon to each other when you wove your fine web, when you decorated and embroidered it in such a manifold manner?

But ye are silent, graceful children, and enjoy your existence. Well! let the instinctive fable tell what your mouths keep concealed from me.

The earth once existed as a bare rock. Look! a cheerful band of nymphs convey the virgin soil upon it, and kind Genii are ready to cover it with flowers. They dispose themselves in their occupation in various ways; modest Humility has already commenced beneath the snow, and amid the cold short grass, and woven the retiring violet; hope follows after her, and fills with cooling moisture the small cups of the refreshing hyacinth. Now, as these have so well succeeded, comes a proud, glittering company of beauties of divers colors. The tulip elevates the head, and the narcissus looks around with languishing eyes.

Many other Goddesses and Nymphs busy themselves in different ways, and ornament the earth, rejoicing over its beautiful form. And look; as a great portion of her works had ceased to bloom to their own and her pleasure, Venus also addresses the Graces, "Way do ye daily, charming sisters! Up! and weave from your charms also a mortal, visible flower" They descend to the earth, and Aglaia, the Grace of Innocence, forms the Lily; and Thalia and Euphrosyne weave with sisterly hands, the flower of joy and love, the virgin Rose.

Many flowers of the field and garden envied each other. The lily and rose envied none, but were themselves envied by all. They bloom as sisters together on one of the fields of Hora, and mutually adorn each other, for the sisterly graces have woven them inseparable.

Thus do the lilies and roses bloom upon your cheeks, oh maidens! May their attendants, innocence, joy and love, united and inseparable, dwell upon them also'—*Herder.*

A child, who had lately began to learn to read in a charity school, was among other words spelling M I L K. which he could not immediately put together, to say what they spelled, when the master said—

"Well, sir, what does your mother put into her tea?"

"Rum, sir," answered the boy.

INSINCERE.—A temperance man *telling* how deeply interested he is in the success of the cause, yet never *giving* anything to sustain its efforts.

If a jewel be right, no matter who says it is counterfeit.

Sound Mind.

A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare invaluable gift. But it is still much more unusual to see such a mind unbiassed in all its actings. God has given this soundness of mind but to few, and a very small number of those few escape the bias of some predilection, perhaps habitually operating; and none are at all times perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated.

A watch-maker told me that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him that, possibly, the *balance-wheel might have been near a magnet.* On applying a needle to it he found his suspicions true. Here was all the mischief.—The steel work in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions, and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be *magnetized* by any predilection, it must act irregularly.—[Cecil.

MARRIED,

In Romulus, on the evening of the 10th inst., by the Rev. O. Sperry, CANFIELD C. TEALL, of Geneva, to EMMA S. daughter of E. S. Bartlett, Esq., of the former place.

At Little Falls, Herkimer county, on Tuesday the 23d inst., by the Rev. Samuel Orvis, Mr. GEORGE W. BUNGAY, Esq., (the Canadian Gough) to Miss CATHARINE HERKIMER, a relative of the hero of Oriskinny, after whom the County was named.

OBITUARY.

"One moment here so low,
So agonized, and now,
Beyond the stars!"

Died, in Geneva, on the 19th inst., after an illness of sixteen hours, CLINTON SAGE, infant son of Luther and Jennett E. Kelly.

"When some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease, and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh—
Nor reason's subtle count. * * * *
* * Nor the angel's sweet All-hails
Met in the smile of God. Nay none of these.
Speak THOU availing Christ, and fill this pause."

A.

Temperance House,

AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no efforts will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.

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